L.E. Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (musted
Sol. Captaine I will.
L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our selues,
Informe on that.
Sol. So I will sir.
L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.
Exit

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybell.*
Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddesse,
And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more a'that:
I prethee do not striue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice.
Dia. I so you serue vs
Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,
And mocke vs with our barenesse.
Ber. How haue I sworne.
Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me.
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lou'd you deerely, would you beleeue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd
At lest in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it beginnes, shall so perseuer.
Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That wee'l forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring.
Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me.
Dia. Will you not my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to loose.
Dian. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Iewell of our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.
Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.
Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would vniustly winne. *Exit*

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three Souldiours.

Cap.G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.
Cap.E. I haue deliu'red it an houre since, there is som thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.
Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.
Cap.E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euerlasting displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.
Cap.G. When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the graue of it.
Cap.E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night he flesches his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the vnchaste composition.
Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our selues, what things are we.
Cap.E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reuealе themselues, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: so he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility in his proper streame, ore-flowes himselfe.
Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue his company to night?
Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre.
Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take

a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.
Cap.E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.
Cap.G. In the meane time, what heare you of these Warres?
Cap.E. I heare there is an ouerture of peace.
Cap.G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.
Cap.E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?
Cap.G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell.
Cap.E. Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great deale of his act.
Cap.G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iaques le grand*; which holy vndertaking, with most austere sanctimonie she accomplisht: and there residing, the tendernesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now she sings in heauen.
Cap.E. How is this iustified?
Cap.G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storie true, euen to the poynt of her death: her death itselfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.
Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?
Cap.G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.
Cap.E. I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this.
Cap.G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs comforts of our losses.
Cap.E. And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountred with a shame as ample.
Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?
Ser. He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.
Cap.E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, is't not after midnight?
Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neerest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue not ended yet.
Cap.E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your Lordship.
Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but shall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, has deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophesier.
Cap.E. Bring him forth, ha's sate i'th stockes all night poore gallant knaue.
Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?
Cap.E. I haue told your Lordship already: The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be vnderstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, frõ the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes: and what thinke you he hath confest?
Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?
Cap.E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleeue you are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffeld; he can say nothing of me: hush, hush.
Cap.G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*
Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you say without em.
Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.
Int. *Bosko Chimurcho.*
Cap. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*
Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.
Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.
Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?
Par. Fiue or sixe thousand, but very weake and vnseruiceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.
Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?
Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him.
Ber. What a past-saueing slaue is this?
Cap.G. Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur *Parrolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger.
Cap.E. I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleeue he can haue euerie thing in him, by wearing his apparell neatly.
Int. Well, that's set downe.
Par. Fiue or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.
Cap.G. He's very neere the truth in this.
Ber. But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he deliuers it.
Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.
Int. Well, that's set downe.
Par. I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marualous poore.
Interp. Demaund of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?
Par. By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred & fiftie,

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